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KORE-ONE

KRS-One Lyrics

"Intro: You Know What's Up!"

[Intro: KRS-One]

Yo, yo, you know what's up!
Turn this up right now
Ha ha, HA! Like that y'all, YOU DON'T STOP!
It's the D.I.G.I.T.A.L.
It's the KRS-One with the D.I.G.I.T.A.L.

Yo you know what's up with that
We bout to set it on you, ha ha, HA HA, HA HA!

[Verse: KRS-One]

Follow me de massive, follow me de massive
Follow me de crew, follow me crew
KRS-One, BDP, comin through
Money B, Shock G, Humpty, Truck Turner
KRS-One the teacher, you the learner!
Big Pun havin fun, with Biz Markie
Down with DJ, J.C. you see
In New York City all the way to Compton
We rockin like dis cause you know we stompin
Mystic, you know you got the lyric
When everybody come out, you got to hear it
Digital Underground, with the metaphysical thundersound
KRS from the Boogie Down like that y'all
You don't quit, KEEP ON!

[KRS-One]

Wadda-by-by-bye, wada-by-by, ba-by-by, ba-by-by, ba-bye
KRS come down, WATCH DIS!!

KRS-One Lyrics

"For Example"

[Chorus: sample from a live performance of "The Bridge is Over"]

Here's another example of the KRS-One (BO!)

Here's another example of the KRS-One (BO!)

They wish to battle BDP but they cannot

They must be on the jock of WHO? (DJ Scott LaRock!)

Yeah, one-two, what? What?

Grab any tape that you think is hard

Put it in your tape deck and press record

Get this - what's a real hip-hop emcee?

Is it MTV? Is it BET?

Is it five M-I-C's so the people can see?

I mean, how you think you free when you act like property?

Tell me, how can you judge an MC when he's rockin

I mean, rockin it live, not pickin his cotton

I mean, adjustin his clothes I mean, how do you know

before you come to the show, and you're not gettin cheated

That you're not gettin heated, that you ain't come to the club

thinkin, "Uh-uh - I must have been weeded!"

You got to be a educated consumer

Spend your money on MC's cause these rappers'll do ya

All they want is your cash, ass, glass, gas and a flick

When you ask for that autograph, they ass dash quick

Beware of the rapper, he talks like it don't matter

He pulls his gat while we BUST OFF the gatler

He's more of an actor, someone, into theater

Not an upright MC with styles who speaks clearer!

[Chorus]

MC's have no time for the bar

Unless we politickin a tape to some drunk A&R

We grab the mic and say who we are, KRS

And start takin it to the chest of the best

This is not a test or a demo

This is when you let go of the limo, like many can't do

They may wanna amp you and chant new, record sellin

But movin the crowd is somethin that they can't do!

[Chorus]

C'mon!

You got to be mistaken, I am not your boy

You fake what you creatin, playin wit'cha toys

G'wan with all that bullshit bout you bringin noise

Time for somethin more than PO-PO-POI-POI

All of hip-hop ain't seventeen

Some of us still go back to "Microphone Fiend"

Back when it was just MC's and DJ's
No video that come on and just replay

[Chorus]

Uhhh... uh-huh, uh-huh uh-huh
We can never stop, forever we rock, take a listen
The t'cha is back, cause rap's whack when I'm missin
Me, I would never want the future to believe
that when they trust to look back on us there was no dope MC's
There was, all these rappers grabbin more and more money
And now that I'm A&R they look more and more funny
They rap for platinum plaques without buildin
a cultural strategy worthy of our children!

KRS-One Lyrics

"Tell The Devil Ha!"

Be strong, be strong

You must tell the devil (HUH), you must tell the devil (HA!)
You must tell these devils, word, (HA! HA!)
You got to tell a devil (HUH), then tell a devil (HA!)
Got.. word.. what, (HA! HA!)
You must tell the devil (HUH), huh huh (HA!)
Be strong! (HA! HA!) Word
Stand on the rock (..stand up on the rock..)

When the devil got your soul, and you ain't got control
You know you Born Again, but you feel like you old
You put your mind on Christ, or put your mind on Kris
For everlasting life, you must listen to this
Now you could get with this, or you can get with that
I think you'll go with this, yo Christians where you at?
Oh yes it's KRS, with Church of the Harvest
With Clarence [?], hip-hop's winning evangelist
And then there's Hezekiah, his fire brings the fire
He's takin it higher, tell 'em {THE DEVIL IS A LIAR}
I know, you thinkin bout that Y2K
And I see, this fear that makes you lose your way
But we got, somethin that is bigger than Benz
And we stand, upon the rock that cannot break
Through millineiums, don't you think we been here before?
Through millineiums, God has always opened the door
Word!

You must tell the devil (HUH), you must tell the devil (HA!)
You got to tell the devil (Ahhhhhhhhhhh HA! HA!)
You must tell the devil (HUH), you must tell the devil (HA!)
Word, word up (Ahhhhhhhhhhh HA! HA!)
Word (HUH) (HA!)
(Ahhhhhhhhhhh HA! HA!)

(..be strong..) Be strong (..be stronnnnnnnng..)
Be strong! Word
(..be strong..) Be strong (..be stronnnnnnnng..)
Endure! Endure!

Yo, if all you got is money and the little things you wear
You worry bout your car note, you worry bout your hair
Then you ain't got no faith, and you must live in fear
Now listen to me people, and listen to me clear
So like I was just sayin, I think it's time for prayin
Don't put your trust in Satan, it's Christ you put your faith in
You minimize your hatin, and stop your hesitatin
It's faith that keeps you movin, so do not be mistaken

You must tell the devil (HUH), you must tell the devil (HA!)
You must to tell the devil, word (Ahhhhhhhhhhh HA! HA!) word
You got to tell the devil (HUH) UHH tell the devil (HA!)
You got to tell the devil, word (Ahhhhhhhhhhh HA! HA!) word
You must tell the devil (HUH), you must tell the devil (HA!)
Word, tell that devil, word (Ahhhhhhhhhhh HA! HA!) wo-word
You must tell the devil (HUH) uhh (HA!) uh-huh, yo
(Ahhhhhhhhhhh HA! HA!) Yo

Now you listen to these lyrics, they speak into your spirit
You shiver when you hear it, but some just cannot bear it
But when you get up near it, there's no need that you fear it
It's KRS O-N-E you know me hip-hop be spirit
So you tell the devil HUH, tell that devil HA
Tell that devil HUH, tell that devil HA
You must tell the devil HUH, tell that devil HA!
Get out of my life, change your life, word

(..be strong..) (..be stronnnnnnnng..)
(..be strong..) (..be stronnnnnnnng..)
(..STAND UP ON THE ROCK!..)

KRS-One Lyrics

"Bring It To The Cypher"

(feat. Truck Turner)

[KRS-One]

Every once in a while
You got to put aside childish things
And get with the teachers and the kings
K-R-S... Truck Turner...
Bring It To The Cypher
Like this, like this y'all

[Verse 1: Truck Turner]

I'm at the end of my rope, I'm bout to snap
Cut a nigga throat, put a bullet through his hat
With his head attached
What's the deal new jack? Who dat? Got his chest blew back
Clak! Clak! Bullet through his teeth, nigga true that
You in my way, move that, Truck coming through that
Run up in your spot, come out, raising two gats
Move back, give a nigga room, let me hit this
Way back, since up in the womb, I was with this
Every sentence, we doom with consistence
Be the witness, let me spit this, Kris hit this

[KRS-One]

Yo... if it's all about the hundreds, let's try to get two 50s
Don't stop and switch a temple, let's work and build a city
You see the equation, to this whole situation?
If I'm the God of rap and you battling me, you Satan
And that's why you hating, creating debates
When you know damn well that your title will be taken

[Hook: x2]

You think you all that son?
BRING IT TO THE CYPHER!
You only got platinum?
BRING IT TO THE CYPHER!
You think you got props son?
BRING IT TO THE CYPHER!
You living Hip Hop son?
BRING IT TO THE CYPHER!

[Verse 2: KRS-One]

Yo... daytime, nighttime, anytime, I got plenty time
To kick many rhymes, big time, all time
Taking it to you over time, so when I'm flowing rhymes
Bright I shine, simply cuz I'm
Lyrically be kicking out the tighter rhyme, till I climb
Bring in the chime, in your mind, you fall behind
Picking up your rhyming skill, I am fulfilled, when I kill at will

Still number one for fun, kill another one
Battle your bugging son
Look I cut your tongue, KRS-One is never done
I am the proper one, this ass-whipping will make you better son
Go and tell your mum I took a bite out of your bum
Anytime you want it, doggone it, yo put me on it
Never running up on it, you never disappointed, get on it
I simply jam, not that I give a damn
Let me tell you who I am, just ask your buddy
Put your cash on Kris, I bet you double up your money
You can call me Chris Rock, ain't nothing funny

[Truck Turner]

Nigga what, let me change my style up, in a rough
Nigga duck, dropped your face, pick it up, shook 'em up
Automatic fire – Brrrrrrruh! Brrrrrrruh!
All up in the party, clip it out, give it up

[KRS-One]

Where's the money for this single, get it out, give it up
Blastmaster's coming through Truck, what

[Hook: x2]

[Verse 3: Truck Turner]

That night I let the fo'-fo' bark, spark right off the dark
Body parts chalked, where we live, how we get down
Come up on my block making noise, keep the shit down
I cripple you, pull up a wheelchair, permanent sit-down
Perfect fit now, now clown, who the shit now?
Fo'-fo' aimed at your dome, bout to spit rounds
Me and you, getting it on? Don't even go there
Once I bring it to you, you won't be save nowhere
Oh yeah, your mom's funeral don't even show there
It'll be a double burial dukes, when the smoke clears
Love you like a brother, but I'll kill you if you rally
Stay on my good side, my bad side, I annihilate
Don't hold me back, get off me, told these kats never cross me
But they crossed the line, I gotta show 'em
My fo'-fo' snub is what I owe 'em, Kris you know him? (Nah)
Ice pick, adequate style, I'm bout to blow him
Dudes get trifle, catch the barrel of the rifle
Fuck you, until more niggaz looking just like you
Don't toot, when you hear me squeeze off the cycles
I squeeze you load (I squeeze you reload)
I squeeze you reload till this whole shit can roll
Where I'm from, that's the code, BDP got your shit sold
Like bad heads that fold at war, anything goes
Made us, broke the mold, another Bronx episode nigga what

[Hook: x2]

Truck... Turner... express, ya don't stop

K... R... S.....

Truck... Turner... express, c'mon y'all

K... R... S.....

KRS-One Lyrics

"Let It Flow (Get You In The Mood)"

(feat. G. Simone)

[KRS-One]

In the beginning, it was WHBI

[G. Simone: singing]

Just let it flow...do what you know..

To get you in tha moooooood..

[DJ scratching]

Just let it flow...do what you know..

To get you in tha moooooood..

[DJ scratching]

[KRS-One]

Check it Now! Back up on the set KRS is on the mic' kid
I rock the black and white kid, smash that ass and you fly, kid
No need to hype it but KRS-One's the one who pipe's it
These lyrical freestyles meanwhile you're gettin excited
Quickery, inginiery, over my delivery I'm glittery
I'm rhyming against biggetry while you're giving me...
...ignorance, incompetence, inexperience! I'm not hearing it!
I battle with expedience and obedience, you macking the ingredients
Hiphop you're not being it!! You're trying it
My whole style right now you're I and it
I'll take ya dark demo and put the sky in it
You say you're dope but like an Elvis Presly CD I ain buying it

[Beat Stops and KRS-One speaks with G. Simone adding additional vocals]

Tell me the relevance of Money without intelligence?!?!
There is none! EXPERIENCE= Wisdom! MC's I flick Dem
Lyric lick them, trick them, Kick Them, HAA HA-HA!!
Stick Them!

[Live audience laughs and sound fades. KRS continues rapping]

Yeah! Yo!

Now ev'ry time I kick this style that get you open
I remind I rhymes yeah I know you opened
For sum'thing more gifted uplifted!
Topical, rocking you, if its possible
let me give it to you logical
Give it up is what you got to do! Like a bad habit!
To battle KRS you need battle skills and magic
See this talus mineral around my neck can try to grab it
But remember: I don't write rhymes I write classics

You can get your ass kicked, get back up in ya strolia
KRS-One is seven dope albums older, the holder of a boulder
You want a fresh style? Let me show ya...
we will be here forever I told ya!!!

[G. Simone - singing]

Just let it flow...do what you know..
To get you in tha moooooood... [x2]

[KRS-One]

Watch me now, wa-watch me now, wa-watch me now glock me now
You be looking sloppy now, drop me how? rock me how?
You can't even stop me now!
Watcha really thinking bout when you wanna think it out!?
When I'm bout to bring it out the terror that I sing a bout?
If you do the crime then you must do the time and
if you kick a rhyme and its wack thats your behind and...
don't be blinded looking this way 'cause you'll be fine dead
My career going up-hill while yours declining
I'm the bomb on foot K-1 land mind
bumping to this you will shatter same time!!
These rappers be blind - they simply forget
that I'm the god of rap and my pride.. study the rhyme

[G. Simone: singing]

Yeaaaaah!! If you're feelin what we're feelinnng!
Let it flowww. Yeaaahh!!

[KRS talking - G keeps singing]

KRS-One keeps it toasty! Ha Ha. Whut!!
Bigging up the supreme team
All college radio DJ's, all underground MixTape DJ's
Rock on!! Yea Yea!! Mad shoutout from New York City to the world!
WORD UP to the World KID!
(yea yea yea) to the World!!

KRS-One Lyrics

"Remember"

(I remember..) Big Daddy Kane
(You've forgotten..) Salt-N-Pepa
(To remember..) Outrageous clothes
(I wonder why..) Uhh, oh
(I remember..) Heavy D
(You've forgotten..) Kool Moe Dee
(To remember..) Dope videos
(I wonder why..)

Remember the day, 'member the play, 'member the way we used to say
"Dee-dee-dee-da-di-dee-dee-dee-da-di-dayyyyy"
Remember the jams, 'member the plans
'member the plans you made with your man
Maybe you can or maybe you can not
Remember the architects of hip-hop
It's really hard to forget about Tupac
Respect is what the Crash Crew got
Better we ask you not, to recite the history of Hip-Hop on the block
You could forget about Grandmaster Flash if you try
You know not, the t'cha returns, have you forgotten?
I speak not to idle concerns, I keep it rockin
But you have forgotten I'm the holder of a boulder
Money-folder, we will be here forever, I TOLD YA!
To remind ya, just when them chrome rims blind ya
That them rims come from the expression of what's inside ya
My lyrics guide ya, and they fly too
Why don't you try to find who you rhyme through?
I think it's time to untie you

(I remember..) MC Lyte
(You've forgotten..) Stetsasonic
(To remember..) Fancy bars
(I wonder why..) Oh, oh
(I remember..) Brand Nubian
(You've forgotten..) Nice & Smooth
(To remember..) Those candy cars
(I wonder why..)

Some like it slow, some like it off beat
Some like smooth jazz I like it all street
We come in all shades, like coke we always
thinkin of more ways to leave them all dazed
All hazed, all crazed and all amazed
My last name should have been Letterman like Dave
But I wasn't his slave, I'm referrin to the way
that my lyrics behave, when I rock raves
Let off shockwaves baby it's crazy not too much can stop me
I walk right in, these other cats be knock-kneed

Terrified, they still actin all cocky
When the storm hits they be screamin "MAMI! PAPI!"
"AUNTIE! SOMEBODY!" I'm from the orthodoxy
It takes more to rock me, like in "Attack of the Clones"
these rappers be carbon copies, and they hardly got the
flow, rhyme style sloppy and old
What's up with "The Show"?

(I remember..) Public Enemy
(You've forgotten..) Dana Dane
(To remember..) Outrageous clothes
(I wonder why..) Yo, oh, oh
(I remember..) Doug E. Fresh
(You've forgotten..) Das EFX
(To remember..) Videos
(I wonder why..)

(I remember..) W-H-B-I
(You've forgotten..) K-Day!
(To remember..) Outrageous clothes
(I wonder why..) Oh, oh
(I remember..) Red Alert
(You've forgotten..) Fab 5 Freddy
(To remember..) Videos
(I wonder why..)

Yo, oh, ah, yes, do it
Do it, ah, Mad Lion on the hookup
J Rock on the hookup
Oh, we do it just like that, just like that

KRS-One Lyrics

"Smilin' Faces"

(feat. Shock G)

[Shock G]

Yeah.. aiyyo Kris tell 'em what's up yo

[KRS]

Yo, yo yo, one two!

Comin at you live and direct (that's right)

Digital Underground kid, you know what's up

[Shock G]

Aiyyo Kris is chillin, Shock G's chillin

What more can we say, about the village

The real killers, chillin in the Whi.. I mean the not RIGHT house

Want me to be they lab white mouse

The smile of seedy greedies, deprivin the needies, breakin treaties

Overseas wildin while they profilin on the TV's

Some of 'em cool though.. see I like that nigga Bill

Hittin everything in town, and he got that smile down

Now let's break down the meaning of a smile

Is it happiness and blissfulness, well let's go down the list

You got the real deal for real-real smile

You got the phony they don't know me let me hide my feel smile

The dumb embarassed smile

The ooh she look delicious, yo that girl is lavish smile (uh-huh)

Then you got the shake your head nah black, that shit was whack smile

The across the bar, yeah it's cool, we can hit the sack smile

The crack smile, the caught in the act smile

The over my shoulder caught you schemin on me delayed react smile

The smile you're really glad to see when it comes round

The spot's hot, they got you boxed in, it's bout to go down

You glance back, your man who packs that once in a while

gives you the - oh I'm strapped, do your thing, baby I got your back smile

[Chorus: KRS-One]

Smilin faces, sometimes

Pretend, to be your friend

Smilin faces, show no traces

Of the evil, that lurks within

[KRS-One]

Whaddya think I joke? Whaddya think I sniff coke?

Me a wild t'ing like Tone Loc, you better be dope

When the soundclash erupt, rev up, step up to the cut

Whassup? I show up to blow up and leave the spot TO' UP

You know what? I'ma go nut, but you know what? Yeah, so what!

It's the regular, when you checkin the, one that perfected the

Smilin faced people posin as your equal

Knowin they wanna beat you defeat you and eat you, but they greet you

with peace and love, not with the piece but the dove
Not beneath but above, now the cheek give a hug
Snug, no grudge, 'til you turn your back and learn the facts
Called learnin truth, the tree is only KNOWN by its fruits
These smilin faces, in many places, sometime they racist
Sometime they sexist, sometime they want your Lexus
Sometime they be your family members remember
Oh no not my lady, oh no not my fella, with them you thought
you'd never ever sever, but they was two-faced - it happens
With a whole 'nother agenda but clever to say whatever forever
Let me make this relationship better, if you real stay real
Be real, the truth we got to treasure, not these

[Chorus]

[Shock G] And they be lurkin
[KRS] You know what's up, ha!
[KRS] KRS-One, Shock Gigga!
[Shock G] That's me baby
[KRS] HA HA.. word

[Shock G]
Yo, just let the beat breathe
Uhh.. yeah..
Cause they be lurkin
Never trust a big butt and a smile baby
Uhh.. keep it goin, ah keep it goin
Yo Kris that's peace baby (uh-huh)
They know the deal
Smile ain't nuttin but an upside down frown (word)
Never trust a big butt and a smile

KRS-One Lyrics

"Harmony And Understanding"

[unknown singer]

[illegible]

[KRS-One]

Yeah, ah, yeah, ah
Harmony and understanding
Sympathy and trust abounding
No more need for superstition
All your living dreams are visions
Mystic crystal revelations
And the mind's true li-ber-aaa-tion

[unknown singer]

[illegible]

KRS-One Lyrics

"Outro: I'll Be Back"

[KRS-One]

Be-dee-dee-da-dee, dee-dee-dee-dee-da-de-day

KRS-One come in with the Tech & Sway

Yo, I rock upon the littlest set and up on the biggest set

As ill as it gets, I still manage to wiggle your neck with sweat

Never forget, the bigger the budget the bigger the debt

You gotta be willin to rock in the middle of dry and the middle of wet

But I'm willin to bet, on the Sway and the Tech, they stay in effect

Never been a pain in the neck, they gainin respect

Nevertheless I'll WRECK YOU, now you know what Sway and Tech do

I'll be back, but for now just SECKLE!!

HA, HA, HA, HA